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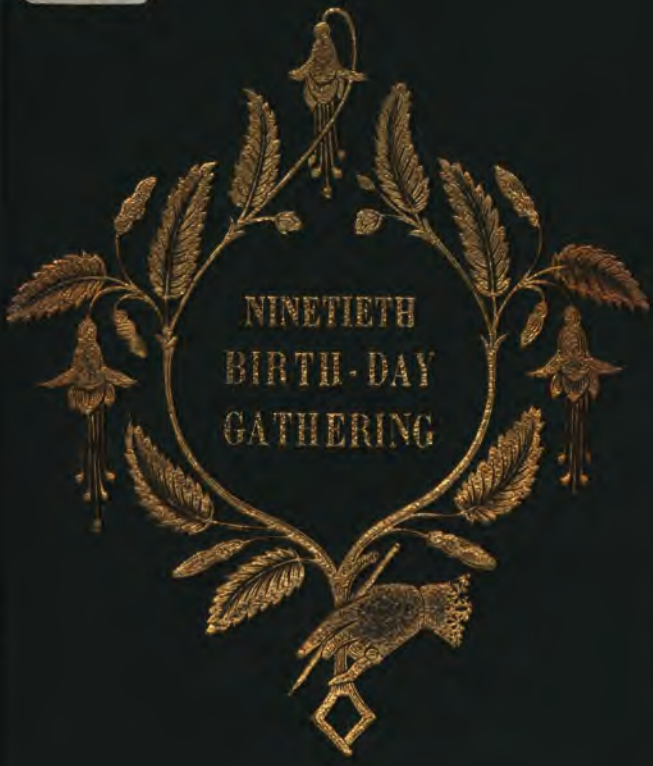

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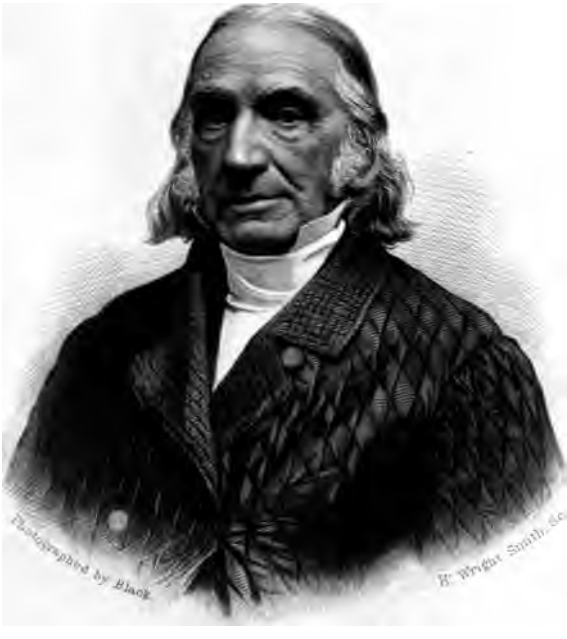
(H.U. 1829.)
21 March, 1871.

BIRTH-DAY GATHERING.



Charles Cleveland

in his 91st year

[illegible]

in his 91st year

NINETIETH

BIRTH-DAY GATHERING,

OF

REV. CHARLES CLEVELAND.

JUNE 21, 1862.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY T. R. MARVIN & SON.
1862.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

NO uncommon has been the occasion for preparing the few following pages, and preserving the memory of the subject which calls for them, that the subscriber willingly yields to the wish of his aged friend and professional brother, in offering a very brief preface.

We should, for instance, have thought that so much exposure to the variations of weather, so much excitement of sympathy with the afflicted, and so much anxiety and labor to relieve their wants,

as have exercised our benevolent missionary, would have proved too severe a pressure on the physical powers, and tended to shorten life. But we have seen it protracted to an unusual length, and yet its spirit is not exhausted.

One great reason of this, second however to the Divine protection, support and blessing, of which indeed it is a part, may be found in the species of service itself. "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul." Prov. xi. 17. Were the wretchedness he encounters to be beyond his power of relief, the difference would be great; but the ability to relieve, however furnished, and the perception and sight of the happy effect produced—together with a prevailing and intelligent desire to refer all circumstances and events to the wise providence of God—

these cheer the soul, and tend rather to prolong than to shorten human existence. "I have meat to eat," said the Saviour, "that ye know not of. My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." John iv. 32, 34.

It is a part of the Divine economy, in training immortals here upon the earth, that "the poor shall never cease out of the land." Deut. xv. 11. In consequence of this, God issued his command, "thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy." See v. 11, latter clause. A compliance with this command, in our moral training, results, as the performance of duty always does, in privilege.

Now it occurs in our parochial arrangements, that the time and labor of the minister of a church and congregation are

required to satisfy the demands of those from whom he derives support; and in the cities peculiarly are found individuals and families who are not affiliated with our churches or congregations, but live, as it were, in the interstices between them. Hence come City Missions. Hence the benefit that accrues to "the poor of this world," some of whom have been found or have become, by this instrumentality, blessed be God for it! "rich in faith."

Such service my reverend and venerated brother in Christ has now been laboring to render to his fellow men among us for all but thirty years—his twenty-ninth Annual Report having just left the press. To this service his Master seemed to call him, as he once did Matthew, "from the receipt of custom," from those secular pursuits in which he had ex-

hibited his honesty, industry and skill, in an observable and commendable degree, winning the approbation of the most distinguished merchants of our day — or rather of a preceding generation — now not living on earth.

The Reports to which I have alluded, do honor, not only to the missionary, but to those who kindly, and it is not doubted, conscientiously, have made him, among several others of the servants of Christ, their almoner. The Lord reward them, and continue to honor his servant! So prays his aged though not quite coeval friend,

WILLIAM JENKS.

99 Boylston Street,
August 4th, 1862.

BIRTH-DAY GATHERING.

AS the sun was nearing the horizon on one of the longest of summer days*—fit emblems of declining years and of a protracted life—friends began to assemble at the house of Rev. CHARLES CLEVELAND, No. 28 East Springfield Street, Boston, to congratulate him upon the occasion of his Ninetieth Birthday.

* The visit was arranged for Monday evening, the 23d of June, instead of Saturday evening, the 21st, so as not to interfere with the ordinary arrangements and preparations for the Sabbath.

The company, numbering nearly threescore, was composed, with few exceptions, of persons beyond the meridian of life, including a goodly number quite advanced in years.

Though none of the guests had reached the longevity of the patriarch whose birthday they had gathered to celebrate, yet there were few, if any, present, whose vivacity, capacity, and relish for social enjoyments, seemed to have been diminished by the flight of years. And of all present, none evidently enjoyed the social intercourse and pleasantries of the occasion more than their honored host.

The clerical, legal and medical professions were liberally represented—six of the former beside their host, and four of the latter being present, and most of them

with their wives. Of persons of various business occupations there was a good representation; and, as the sequel will show, from the muses a large and worthy deputation.

Many and hearty were the expressions of congratulation on the joyful occasion; and many were the reminiscences of bygone days, related by the various parties. After an hour and a half or two hours of free, cheerful, social intercourse between the host and his numerous guests, the party were invited to the dining-room for entertainment. This and all the apartments of the house, were tastefully and profusely decorated with boquets of choicest flowers, presented by several friends. The tables were plentifully supplied with what was suited to meet the tastes and

satisfy the wants of the outer man. After an appropriate acknowledgment, through Rev. Dr. Blagden, of God's kindness and compassion in the gifts of his common and more special bounties, the company very cheerfully partook of the repast provided, and returned to the parlor, to be further refreshed by "a feast of reason and flow of soul."

As, however, no arrangements had been previously made either to procure special addresses or speeches, or to take note of what should be spoken or done on the occasion, and no thought had been entertained of any other than an ordinary newspaper notice of the gathering, till weeks subsequently thereto, it would be in vain to attempt a report of the various remarks elicited.

Under such circumstances it may suffice to say, that what was presented in a form susceptible of retention and preservation, was in keeping with all else that transpired on the occasion.

First, occurred the presentation to the honored host of a VASE, very ingeniously and tastefully wreathed with leaves of different hues, accompanied by the following lines:—

PRESENTED TO THE REV. CHARLES CLEVELAND,
On his Ninetieth Birthday.

I ASKED of Earth some offering worthy him
Who, fourscore-years-and-ten, in faith has trod
Her changing paths—his earthly eye not dim,
Nor earthly force abated, though the brim
Of his full cup of life is running o'er
With duties done, and doing even more.
A man of hoary hair and aspect mild;
In years, a veteran—but, in heart, a child.

Smiling, she flung me these few scattered leaves.
"Blend them," she said, "in one harmonious whole;
Types let them be of those immortal sheaves
Which garner up the treasures of the soul;
The green of Spring—the Summer's yellow crown;
The Autumn's crimson—Winter's healthy brown;
Emblems of memories that never grow old,
Shrine them in azure and rim them with gold."

And is this all, O Earth, that thou canst give—
These few, poor scattered remnants of the past?
Bright, though they be, with hues that still outlive
The sunny days that set their colors fast?
These are but memories. Hast thou nothing more—
Nothing that whispers from beyond the shore
That bounds thee? She answered, "Memories are given
By Earth; for Hopes and Promises, ask Heaven."

Upward I turn mine eye; I lay mine ear
Close to the heavenly gates. With steady poise
Bright angels hover o'er me—sweeping near,
Their garments touch me—and now, Hark! a voice!

"To him that overcometh in the strife,
Him who has done my work and kissed my rod,
I give to eat the blessed Tree of Life
That blossoms in the Paradise of God."

June 21, 1862. C.

By another was presented the following:

TO THE REV. CHARLES CLEVELAND,

On his Ninetieth Birthday, June 21, 1862.

So far, thou servant blest of God,
Through all of fourscore-years-and-ten,
The path of life hast safely trod,
And still thy step is firm: What then?

So far His hand hath held thee up
Through all thy fourscore-years-and-ten;
And filled with gifts life's varied cup,
Which soon must overflow: What then?

So far, thy faith hath guided thee,
  Through all thy fourscore-years-and-ten,
To bless the Homes of Poverty,
  And raise them nearer heaven : What then ?

What then ? The Father's blessed hand,
  Beyond thy fourscore-years-and-ten,
Shall lead thee through this Canaan land,
  To an approaching end : What then ?

A halo weave around thy brow,
  And change thy fourscore-years-and-ten
To ONE — the everlasting *Now*,
  In His blest realms above : What then ?

Then, Father ! spare my aching sight !
  No pains — no poor — no sin — no strife ;
But one unclouded scene of light,
  And years on earth exchanged for Life.

LEWIS G. PRAY.

Rev. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D., who was unable to be present, sent the following note:—

BOYLSTON PLACE, JUNE 23, 1862.

My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland:

WERE it not for engagements, I would surely be with you this evening, to congratulate you, and to wish you good cheer. I must be satisfied with doing this by pen and ink, which I do most heartily. Be of good comfort. Your friends are many and are multiplying, and one day you will have them all in one.

Very affectionately yours,

N. ADAMS.

Hon. ABRAHAM R. THOMPSON sent his good wishes as follows:—

CHARLESTOWN, JUNE 18, 1862.

Rev. CHARLES CLEVELAND,
My venerable and honored Friend:

I RECEIVED your letter of March 27, and thank you for the inclosed photograph, which immediately found a place among my family group; and I assure

you, my dear Sir, that both Mrs. Thompson and myself would be happy to have you call at our house, and find your good old face, with many dear ones whose names, I firmly believe, (with yours,) are all written in the "Lamb's book of life."

At the time I received your note, I should have replied to it at once; but at that time I fully intended to have acknowledged it *in propria persona*, on the evening of your ninetieth Birthday. I regret that I must be absent from home, after to-day, until the middle of next week. I shall take the earliest opportunity, in my power, to call on you.

That the evening of your well-spent life may be brightened by that clear "faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen," and your heart elevated and cheered by that 'hope which is the anchor of the soul, firm and steadfast, entering into that which is within the veil,' 'whither Jesus, our forerunner, hath for us entered once for all, having obtained eternal redemption for us,' is the fervent prayer of

Your affectionate friend,

AB'M R. THOMPSON.

By another was presented the following:

At threescore-years-and-ten,
  Our pilgrim bounds are set;
And if to fourscore we attain,
'Tis but a lease of toil and pain—
  With these we pay the debt.

So speaks the Holy Word,
  Experience proves it true;
A green old age of mind and heart,
Quick to enjoy and to impart,
  Are for a chosen few.

But what a wondrous sight,
  Do we this day behold!
Fourscore-and-ten our Father stands,
Vigorous in head and heart and hands;
  We cannot call him old:

With his whole armor on,
  Working while others rest,
With unexhausted zeal and love,
Drawn from the heart of Christ above,
  Pursues his mission, blest.

Let all the praise be given
  To Thee, Father above,
Who hast endowed with such rich grace,
With vigorous powers and length of days,
  Thy servant, whom we love.

Because these gifts are Thine,
  And Thou so much hast given,
Add still another halfscore years,
Until the full-orbed sphere appears,
  Before it rise in heaven.

ELIZA GOODALE.

From another pen were the following lines:—

TO THE REV. AND VENERABLE CHARLES CLEVELAND,
On his Ninetieth Birthday.

Tell us, O Seer, that dost serenely stand
  Upon the Pisgah of thy ninety years,
What lies about thee in the landscape grand
Where the pure light from out the Promised Land
  Spans with its peace the valley-mist of tears?

Read us the vision, with its backward reach
  O'er the long wayfare in the wilderness,
And onward, to the farther Jordan-beach
That marks the bound where endeth mortal speech ;
  Where Thought is Life, and Life grows measure-
    less !

Still toiling on, along the middle plain,
  With the hot dust of noon upon the brow,
On that calm height we hail thee, and would fain
Catch through thine eyes a glimpse to soothe our
    pain, —
  Rest from our Future, for the restless Now !

How shall it look, when we, too, come to gaze
  Forth from that mountain of expectancy
Where culminates the trending of these ways,
And all the gathered gleams of earthly days
  Pour their full flood in one fair sunset sea ?

Ah, useless asking ! None but Moses might
  Look from his own life-ending ; and the path
Each soul doth tread, may lapse in heavenly light,
Or wind away into the hopeless night,
  Red only with the evening clouds of wrath !

24

We give thee solemn joy, then, that hast come
By daily access of thy faithful deed,—
By steps whereof God's mercy keeps the sum,—
Safely to stand where human praise is dumb,
And Christ's "Well done" is thine eternal meed!

A. D. T. W.

NARRATIVE BY REV. MR. CLEVELAND.

AFTER the preceding 'first course,' the company were served by their Host with a "*Sketch of Incidents and Changes in the Life of Charles Cleveland;*"—of which the following is a synopsis:

CHARLES CLEVELAND was born in Norwich, Connecticut, June 21, 1772.

— Was taken to Salem, Massachusetts, and placed in the family of his uncle, William Cleveland, in March, 1784.

— Sailed on a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, in the brig Good Hope, November 26, 1786.

— Was apprenticed to Francis Cabot, merchant, Salem, to September, 1789.

— Was clerk and deputy collector at the Custom House in Salem, from September, 1789, to 1802.

— Removed to Charlestown, and was engaged as clerk in the store of Stephen and Henry Higginson, from 1802 to 1809.

— Commenced the business of stock and exchange broker, in Boston, 1809, and continued in the above business till 1816. While in this business he published a set of exchange tables, giving, in dollars and cents, the exchange from 1*d.* to £5,000; and at from 2 per cent advance, down to 25 per cent discount, varying ¼ per cent on each sum. These tables were recommended by James Lloyd, William Parsons, Stephen Higginson, Sen., George Cabot, James Perkins, William

Pratt, Timothy Williams, Thomas H. Perkins, Israel Thorndike, Kirk Boott, Edward Tuckerman, Samuel H. Walley, and Peter C. Brooks; *all* numbered, long since, with the dead. These tables are still in use, both in this country and in England; and a copy of them is preserved in the British Museum.

From 1816, for *nine years*, he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, under the firm of Cleveland & Dane, on Market street, the street now changed in its name to Cornhill.

At about the time Mr. Cleveland entered upon his mercantile pursuits, he became deeply interested in the formation of the Society for the Moral and Religious Instruction of the Poor. The Society was organized at his house, Sept. 26, 1816. Rev. Joshua Huntington was elected the

first President; William Thurston, Esq., Vice President; George J. Homer, Treasurer; E. Duren, Secretary; and Deacon Josiah Salisbury, Dea. Thomas Vose, Dea. Pliny Cutler, Mr. Samuel T. Armstrong, Mr. Charles Cleveland, Dea. J. E. Tyler, and Mr. Henry Gray, Managers. The first anniversary sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Huntington, October 8, 1817; the second anniversary sermon, by Rev. William Jenks, D. D., October 24, 1818.

In 1819, a committee were chosen to select and purchase a lot on which to erect a "Mission House," "expressly for the accommodation of the poor of West Boston." Purchase was made of Joseph Pierce, Esq., of a lot bordering on Garden and Buttolph streets, for one thousand dollars, which sum was collected for that purpose by Mr. Cleveland, from different

denominations of Christians in the city. Afterwards, a sum sufficient to erect and finish the House was obtained, and it was dedicated in May, 1821. The sermon upon the occasion was preached by Rev. William Jenks, D. D.

In 1830, September 10, Mr. Cleveland received an appointment to the office of a Missionary to the Poor of the city, associated with Rev. Ethan Smith and Rev. D. D. Rosseter; than which, an office more acceptable could not have been given him.

In 1833, April 3, the funds of the Society being much reduced, the Managers thought it best to dismiss the three missionaries then in their employ, and to engage the Rev. Mr. Barbour, of Byfield, to occupy the pulpit of the Mission House on the Sabbath, and engage in visiting

as many of the poor as he could during the week. Each of the missionaries, on their dismissal, were presented with fifty dollars, as a testimony of approbation from the Board of Managers.

Under these circumstances, Rev. Dr. Jenks wrote and signed a recommendation in behalf of Mr. Cleveland, as a missionary to the poor upon his own individual responsibility. This document, so affectionately drawn up, in the trust that the divine blessing would accompany his labors in leading precious souls to the knowledge of Him who came to seek and save the lost, was signed also by Rev. Messrs. J. H. Linsley, George W. Blagden, Amos A. Phelps, Hubbard Winslow, and Jonathan Greenleaf.

In 1835, April 22, at a meeting of the Harmony Association at Upton, Mr. Cleve-

land received approbation for license to preach the gospel for one year.

In 1836, April 21, the license was extended to four years.

In 1838, July 10, at Sutton, he received ordination from the same Association to preach the gospel as an evangelist.

In 1839, September 25, he received the following recommendation from Rev. Dr. Jenks, to labor as a minister of the gospel and a missionary:

"To the blessing of God, and to the kindness of the friends of truth, love and usefulness, Mr. Cleveland is cordially recommended by his sincere well-wisher, and former fellow-laborer,

WILLIAM JENKS,
Pastor of Green St. Church.

The above was signed also by Rev. Messrs. George W. Blagden, Hubbard Winslow, A. Boise, Joseph H. Towne,

Daniel M. Lord, William M. Rogers, J. H. Fairchild, Silas Aiken, and Nehemiah Adams.

"After thirty years' labor on this extensive field," Mr. Cleveland concludes, "I am, in my own view, as able, at this advanced age, to meet the duties and trials of the missionary life, as at any time within the last ten years. Our blessed Lord, when about ascending to his Father, said, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.' Yes, it was his 'meat to do the will of him that sent him, and to finish his work.' Let it be my study to imitate his example, treading in his footprints. He was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor. To this humble class of our population may it be my purpose to carry the glad tidings, as occasions may favor. He shrank from no sufferings at the call

of duty connected with his glorious object, 'to seek and save that which was lost.' May the like spirit move the heart and hands of his missionary.

"The question is now and then put to me, 'When do you mean to retire from this labor among the poor?' I answer, When age and infirmity admonish me of its necessity, *and not before.* At whatever hour it may please the Giver of life to remove me from all earthly cares — dissolving this tabernacle of clay—may it be my happiness to say, in the words of our Lord, 'Father, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do, and now I come to thee.'

"'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,' is the prayer of

"CHARLES CLEVELAND,
"*Missionary to the Poor.*

"No. 28 East Springfield St., June 21, 1862."

After the recital, by Father Cleveland, of his brief sketch, in a full, distinct, clear voice, the Rev. Dr. Jenks led in a prayer appropriate to the occasion, and the company began to retire, each parting with their veteran Host with affectionate salutations and kind wishes. But while some still lingered, the Patriarch of the household requested a brother clergyman, yet remaining, to lead in the devotions of the family, as they were gathered now late in the evening, around the family altar.

Thus closed the social interchanges and religious services of an occasion which will be cherished and long live in the memories of those who were present and participated in its scenes.

In addition to what may be indicated by the brief outline of Father Cleveland's

remarks relating to his missionary duties and engagements, it may be proper to state, that he has penned and published several addresses in the form of Tracts, among which may be mentioned, an "Address to Sons of the Ocean;" "To Masters, Mates, and Seamen;" "Address from a City Missionary to the Poor of this World;" "Address to the Children of the Farm School," &c.

The following lines, with the prefatory note, will explain themselves:

TO FATHER CLEVELAND, OF BOSTON,

After the Social Gathering at his house, on the Evening of June 23, 1862.

It was in the month of roses,
The sweetest of the year,
The aged man his Birthday kept,
For loving hearts and dear.

'Twas not a fancy group that met
  The aged man that eve;
They came not, with their flatt'ring looks,
  Their hurried words to leave.

True, there was grace and beauty there,
  But genius also; wisdom, fame;
Physicians kind, and pastors true,
  And friends, all worthy of the name.

Fair woman, with poetic art,
  Beside the pilgrim stood.
My muse was silent; thus may I
  Tell how the muses wooed.

And age was there, with age to speak
  The memories of the past;
And note the wonders of that grace
  That keepeth to the last.

Brave veteran, with thy ninety years
  Of pleasure, toil and care,
Thou hast not failed to bear the cross,
  And thou a crown shalt wear.

'Mid crowded mart and narrow lane,
  Thy feet have often trod,
And ever loved to bear to all
  A message from thy God.

Unto the hungry thou hast given
  Food for the mortal frame;
And by the dying thou hast stood,
  And prayed in Jesus' name.

Go on — thy Master may have yet
  More work for thee to do;
More souls to win, ere it be thine
  Heaven's golden gates to view.

We'll love to meet thee, wheresoe'er
  Thy footsteps yet may tend;
And may the angel of God's grace
  Thy pathway still defend.

Each happy moment spent with thee
  Thy friends will ne'er forget,
And cherish all thy deeds of love
  When thy "last sun" is set.

M. D. B.

Charlestown, Mass.

The following letter from Mrs. Sigourney was received sometime subsequently to the Gathering, at which it had been hoped she might be present.

HARTFORD, JULY 30, 1862.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

Your kind epistle of the 25th ultimo, arrived just as I was leaving home for my annual visit to the sea-shore; and I took it with me, intending to answer it there, amid the pleasant sound of the waves, climbing and receding from the pebbly beach. But it so happened that I brought it back, with a number of others, still unanswered; and now, in acknowledging it, I have the pleasure of thanking you for the gift of your very excellent "Twenty-ninth Report," every word of which I read with delight, as soon as it was received.

What a delightful gathering you must have had at your house, in commemoration of your ninetieth birthday. How much I should have enjoyed being present on that occasion, to have listened to the addresses of the distinguished ministers who were present, and especially to the sketch of your life from

your own revered lips. I am happy to know that you have consented to give it to the public through the press.

> Lift high the page, that all may see
> What God can do, and man may be.

It seems to me, that your new Report is the best of any that you have issued. But so I have thought, respecting the last one, for several years. I shuddered when I realized that you were, last winter, traversing the ice-covered streets—for with us they were almost impassable for a long time—without temerity. Did you not carry in your heart the talisman, "He keepeth all his bones; not one of them is broken."

Your description of the visit to Hon. Josiah Quincy is very interesting. When recently at the sea-shore, I rode several miles to see an excellent lady of ninety-six. Light had departed from her eyes, and sound faintly lingered in its citadel; but her intellect was clear, and her social and devout feelings in healthful exercise.

May you long be spared for your blessed work of benevolence. I inclose a small donation of five dol-

He seeks her soul's salvation,
Of "Living Bread" he tells,
And on this double mission bent
His consecrated days are spent,
To search where misery dwells.

Yes, even when dreary Winter
With frost and snow presides,
He climbs the steep and slippery stair,
While an unseen Protector's care
His feet in safety guides.

He bears the smile of mercy
To hovel and to shed;
The poor he feeds, he dries their tears,
While lightly sit his ninety years
Upon that reverend head.

Age hath not quell'd his pleasures,
Their fountain is above;
He joyeth in the joy he gives,
And here on earth the life he lives
That glows with heavenly love.

Still like the loved Apostle,
May he his course pursue,
Rejoicing in his Master's grace
Until he rise to see his face
With unrestricted view.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hartford, Conn., June 21, 1862.

The following is from the Boston Evening Transcript, of October 23, 1862.

TO REV. CHARLES CLEVELAND,

MY AGED AND HONORED UNCLE.

Clouds and sunshine on thy pathway,
Changing scenes for ninety years,
Intermingling joy and sorrow,
Buoyant hopes and anxious fears —
Like the blending hues of autumn,
Like its ever-varying skies,
Fading, bright'ning, and still fleeting,
Life hath passed before thine eyes.

On the right and left around thee
  Mortals have been falling fast,
Underneath Death's mighty sickle,
  While these ninety years have pass'd;
Yet, through this far-reaching vista,
  Even back to childhood's days,
On the verge of thine existence
  It is left for thee to gaze.

Ninety years! how long, prospective,
  Seemeth such a life as this!
To the worldling, an assurance
  Of it, would be perfect bliss.
But thine heart gives utterance truly
  To the words proclaimed of old,
"Life is but a passing vapor,
  But a dream that soon is told."

Praise to Him whose grace hath led thee
  In the Christian's path to tread,
And upon thy fellow-mortals
  Blessings all divine to shed;

In thy Master's footsteps treading,
  Doing good from day to day,
To the "poor" the gospel preaching,
  Pointing to the "narrow way."

May that same kind Hand protect thee
  That hath ever led thee on,
And the presence of His Spirit
  Cheer thee till thy work is done;
And in that bright world of glory,
  Where time's measured not by years,
May a life unending crown thee,
  Burdened not by sighs or tears.

A. C. JUDSON.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

MANY personal friends of the aged missionary will doubtless be glad to preserve, in convenient form, some memorials of his labors; and as many others not familiarly, or at all, personally acquainted with them, may be interested and profited by their perusal, it is believed that a few pages may be properly appended, containing extracts from his Journal, portions of which he has been accustomed to publish annually during the past thirty years, nearly, of his missionary labors in the city.

The selections are taken from only two or three, as specimens, of his *twenty-nine* Annual Reports, — exhibiting, incidentally, the character, style, and manner, of his missionary labors, as well as his appreciation of the character and co-operation of those who have been cotemporary and fellow-laborers with him in efforts for the relief of suffering humanity.

In his Seventh Annual Report, for the year 1840, Mr. Cleveland published, in full, the Testimonial of Rev. Dr. Jenks, and others, mentioned on pages 31 and 32; but on his Birthday Gathering, probably from feelings of delicacy, he omitted entirely the testimonial respecting himself, and only selected the commendation of Mr. Cleveland by the brethren, "to the blessing of God, and to the kindness of the friends of truth," &c.

In this testimonial "to all whom it may concern," it is stated, as one ground of his fitness for the service of a gospel missionary in the city: "Mr. Cleveland has long been connected with managers of several of the most active and important institutions of Christian benevolence among us, and, it may be said, is thoroughly conversant with their operation."

The closing remarks in the above-named Report, as well as the extracts from his Journal, will indicate his acquaintance with the artifices to which persons sometimes resort, to awaken the sympathies of the benevolent.

Here I may be permitted to remark, from personal observation, that in this good city there are not a few, whose benevolence far outweighs their discretion, on whom are occasionally practiced the grossest impositions, such as the eyes of an Argus

would not easily detect. An individual who, in full health, will prefer begging to work, will pour many sad complaints into the ears of the credulous, in the hope to excite a compassion prompting to an accommodating answer. Yielding to the bare word of an entire stranger is, manifestly, neither wise nor prudent—attended with no benefit, either to the giver or receiver; but, in some cases, proving an incalculable injury to the latter. However plausible or embellished their story, it can have no claim whatever to our notice, except as confirmed by collateral evidence.

As a summary of religious services held in 1840, he gives the following:

Neighborhood meetings, 55; at Eye and Ear Infirmary, 74; Penitent Females' Refuge, 37; United States Marine Hospital, Chelsea, 37; Retreat, 29; Mission House, 25; House of Correction, 6; Lunatic Hospital, 2; Pitts Street Chapel, 1; Suffolk Chapel, 1; Farm School, 3; West Roxbury, 7; Sherburne, 5. Total, 284.

In the Report of the above year, as in Reports of other years, Mr. Cleveland

relates, at some length, interviews with sundry persons, in sickness and affliction, who have been led hopefully to Christ.

1840. *January* 16. Extreme cold. Visited Mrs. P., Boylston Street. The aged mother had gone out to gather chips, while, with an infant infolded in her arms, Mrs. P. was shivering over a little fire from their last stick. Signs of deep poverty could not be mistaken. No time was to be lost in procuring assistance. Two feet of wood were immediately sent, sawed, and piled in the room. Other aid was given.

January 30. Visited Mrs. E., whose husband was lost from the "Lexington." The distressed woman, with four small children, excited my compassion. Their case was commended to the gracious care of Him who is ever near the widow and the fatherless, to comfort and sustain them. Assisted the family from poor's fund.

Passing over the Reports of the intervening sixteen years, in the Report of 1856, (his twenty-third,) he says: "My

heart swells with emotions of devout gratitude and praise to the 'Father of mercies,' in whom are all our springs, for His most gracious and unremitted watchfulness over me from the morning of life to the present moment." He speaks of his health as having been remarkably good, and of a great amount of suffering among the poor.

In connection with the record of the death of TEN of the contributors to his mission, during the year, two of whom were ninety and upward, and two others eighty and upward, he says: "Having reached my *eighty-fifth* year, I cannot, nor would I, conceal from myself the solemn truth, that *this* countenance must *soon* be changed. 'Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' Let the prophet Daniel answer, chapter xii. 2."

1855. *September* 12. A kind friend remarked, "It is said, you assist the Orthodox rather than the Unitarians." Reply—"No: I make no distinction. Under like circumstances, they are alike treated. Whenever and wherever suffering is seen, *there* relief is given. Of whatever *nation*, or *complexion*, or *sect*, the afflicted individual or family shall have aid as their different cases demand. My poor's fund is made up from *all* denominations; but apart from this, were I to show partiality in any case, favoring one class and neglecting others, my work ought not, for a moment, to receive countenance."

October 25. Visited a family in Pearl Place. When in health, Mrs. W., a vender of fruit, is industrious and deserving. Her husband, shiftless and intemperate,—a living trouble to his family. His wife now very sick. Her nurse complained of destitution of necessaries. Supplied with coal, and money for medicines.

November 17. Visited Mrs. Kelsey, 123 Purchase Street, (sixty-three steps to attic.) Has a husband and three children, poor and shiftless.

Same day. Visited a poor young widow at the Albion, (seventy-seven steps.) Assisted. On my

way home, purchased for distribution, forty-one yards cotton flannel.

November 24. A young gentleman from Cambridge University called upon me, kindly offering himself as an assistant in my missionary excursions in January vacation, should I desire it. Most promptly, cordially, and gratefully was his benevolent proposal accepted. (See Record, 18th February.)

November 28. Received the following note from a clerical friend:

SANDWICH, 28th NOV., 1855.

Rev. and dear Brother: As it is approaching the day of Thanksgiving, when there is special occasion for the remembrance of the poor, whether they be *virtuous* or *vicious*, and, as I believe, none are more poor and needy than may be found in our large cities, and few, if any, better qualified to distribute to their necessities than Father Cleveland, I send you five dollars in aid of your mission.

Truly your fellow-servant in Christ,

G. P.

Note.—How refreshing to the heart, such timely "tokens for good!"

1856. *February* 18. My young friend from Cambridge came to assist me in my work, as he proposed 24th November. Gave him a list of names on cards left with Furbush.

Note.—On the 19th, he visited 8 cases; on the 20th, 15; on the 25th, 15;—38 cases. Having, with intelligence and the kindliest sympathies, visited all needing help, he left for home, leaving the following note: "May the God of love, whose blessed lips said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' accompany Mr. Cleveland in his labors of love, till it shall be time for him to make his *last* report with great joy to our dear Master, Jesus, in heaven. Amen."

May 7. Attended the funeral of Dr. John C. Warren, one of my best patrons, having in *eighteen* consecutive years given cheerfully to this mission.

The following extracts are from his Twenty-ninth Report:

With the termination of the twenty-ninth year of labors on this field, embracing the entire city, *ninety* years of my travel toward "a better country," have been numbered. I may well say,

"Goodness and mercy have followed me" amid *every* trial, wisely appointed by Him, by whose gracious arm I have been protected through all my travels over the streets, alleys and places of the city. The soul-refreshing promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," hath been my comfort and support throughout my protracted years.

1861. *July* 16. (Tuesday.) Attended funeral of Hon. Nathan Appleton, aged 81, a gentleman of well-known excellence of character, modest, unpretending, but of high standing in the community; many years the honored President of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company. He had been a contributor to this mission from its commencement.

23. (Tuesday.) This day, departed to his final rest, Dea. Moses Grant, aged 74. His Christian and philanthropic disposition, giving his time, talents and influence to the cause of the "fatherless and widows in their affliction," will be remembered by thousands, waiting at his door every forenoon, to relate in turn their various cases of want, and never departing without supply and appropriate counsel, from one quick to discern character, and

as prompt to give unequivocal evidence of Christian sympathy in every case presented before him.

26. (Friday.) Attended the funeral of Dea. Grant, at Brattle Street Church. Services by the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Pastor, assisted by Dr. E. M. P. Wells. Various portions of Scripture read, and the Hymn well answering to the character and prospects of the beloved Moses Grant:

> "When I can read my title clear,
> To mansions in the skies,
> I bid farewell to every fear,
> And wipe my weeping eyes."

28. (Sunday.) Passed the day at Grantville. From Rev. Mr. Atwood, listened to a sermon on the death of Dea. Grant, whose character was in all faithfulness described to an audience well knowing that the village of their home received its name in honor of its departed friend. I could not leave without bearing testimony to the appropriateness of the sermon, to the case before us. Ere long, dear white-robed saint, *my* emancipated spirit will be with *thine*, and the innumerable company, lifting up the sweet notes of harp and voice, in the everlasting song of Moses and the Lamb.—Rev. xv. 3.

August 12. (Monday.) Delivered for distribution, to the Librarian of the Young Men's Christian Association, *five hundred* Tracts, "Address to the Sons of the Ocean,"—written by myself, in the hope that some good might result from an evidence thus given of an interest in the welfare of a class of fellow-beings exposed to temptations much beyond those met by landsmen.

September 17. (Tuesday.) Visited Mrs. Lambert, Vinal Place, age 87. Upon the borders of the heavenly Canaan, into which her departed spirit will have an abundant entrance, giving evidence full of a happy preparation for such change.

22. (Sunday.) Preached at Penitent Females' Refuge, from Rev. xv. 2–4.

October 27. (Sunday.) Preached at Farm School, from Job xix. 25–27, in the forenoon; and in the afternoon, from Rev. xv. 2–4.

December 19. (Thursday.) Visited a poor, afflicted family. A daughter who was married several years since, became insane, through the cruel treatment of her husband, and is now in the Somerville Hospital. The parents before me wept. No wonder. Endeavored to draw from the sacred oracles—the treasure-house of the Christian—

such truths as seemed adapted to the case presented before me by the weeping parents of the distracted woman. They have my most tender sympathies. The Lord knoweth their trouble, and to his gracious care I commit their distressing case.

24. (Tuesday.) Weather clear and cold. Visited patrons in Mount Vernon Street, Park Street, Chestnut and Walnut Streets, distributing cards. Have great reason to bless my gracious Preserver, keeping me from falling while passing over streets filled with ice. Two notorious and impudent women followed me throughout my walks. Repeatedly said to them, "I shall give you nothing in the street," but they were deaf to my words.

1862. *January* 4. (Saturday.) Visited Bridge Street; good call. A widow with two children, in an attic. Gave aid with much pleasure. Visited in Hamilton Alley, Broad Street, and Pearl Place, and assisted. Weather clear and extremely cold. A kind friend said to me, "You ought not, *at your age,* to be running about as you do." Should I *cease* my labors, on these cold days, among the poor, with a view to relieve their sufferings, with what face could I, in the spring, ask subscriptions

to my salary? See 2 Thess. iii. 10. Received "a token for good" from Mr. and Mrs. ———. The husband hath been a liberal subscriber to salary, twenty-three consecutive years. The Lord bless the happy couple, and others of like spirit.

6. (Monday.) Snow-storm. Having a bad cold, thought it prudent to keep within doors, working upon my books.

9. (Thursday.) Visited and assisted families in Rochester, Lincoln, Utica, Federal and Williams Streets. Answered *eighteen* cards.

10. (Friday.) Visited and assisted families in Curve, Oliver, Belmont, Hamilton, Orange and Federal Streets.

16. (Thursday.) Clear and cold. Walking slippery. Visited and assisted families in Lincoln, Federal, Kingston, and Albany Streets, South Street Place, Kingston and Federal Courts, Albany and Ætna Places. Answered *twenty-one* cards. Could not leave my work for home—dined in my walks, upon gingerbread. Received cotton flannel from Mr. Chandler.

18. (Saturday.) From Hovey & Co., a piece of print for my poor. From an aged lady annually contributing to my *poor's fund*, a note cheering to

my spirits, expressing her congratulations on my recovery from a wound, suffered from being run over by a horse, in October last; and trusting that "many days were in store for me yet, to continue the grand mission." This kind note inclosed *twenty* dollars for my poor. I awoke this morning with the reflection that God "*loveth* the *cheerful* giver," and that a "rich recompense of reward" awaits every *act* of Christ-like charity to the suffering poor.

"Give to the poor thy bread,
Clothe the uncovered form,
Throw shelter o'er the homeless head,
That shrinks before the storm:
So shall the prayers that grateful rise,
Win blessings for thee from the skies."

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

21. (Tuesday.) Received from a reverend brother, a note, the more welcome as coming from so warm a heart: "Inclosed is my subscription of five dollars to your noble work among the poor. Would that I were able to make it a hundred times as much."

22. (Wednesday.) Snow-storm through the day. Visited and assisted in Kneeland, South, Cove, Utica, East, Lincoln, Purchase and Congress

Streets. A fatiguing day, but the Lord was my protector.

28. (Tuesday.) Visited and assisted in Lincoln, Hanover, East, Kneeland, Cove, Oswego, Curve, Utica, Albany, Federal, Rochester and South Streets, Tyler's Court and Sullivan Place. Ice in plenty on sidewalks, wherever I went. Had a fall, but received no injury. Nineteen cases were visited on cards *recorded.* Answered thirteen cards handed me in my walks, making in all thirty-two cases relieved. At 215 Hanover Street, found a woman of seventy-six on a sick bed. Counseled her from the divine Word, and offered prayer.

30. (Thursday.) Visited in Federal, Kingston, Essex, Williams and Congress Streets. Answered *twenty-one* cards. The walking *rough* and *slippery.*

February 3. (Monday.) Lodged at Doe's store, a hundred Tracts, written for the poor. Have answered twenty-five cards, in Lincoln, Federal, Cooper and Prince Streets.

4. (Tuesday.) Hon. Josiah Quincy entered this day on his ninety-first year. Called to see him, and was conducted by his good daughter to his

chamber. Found my good patron on his bed, his hip-bone having been dislocated some months since. Cannot forget his bright countenance. His hand was stretched out to take mine. Was 'glad to see me,' inviting me to sit. Asked him whether he did not expect we should meet in heaven. With characteristic modesty, he replied, "I hope so." I sat but a few minutes, and on leaving his bedside he gave me his hand and thanked me for my call. My heart was refreshed. The Lord bless the dear man. Visited in Federal and Kneeland Streets. At one call, husband could get no work—had five children to support. Gave with a ready hand, one dollar and coal.

12. (Wednesday.) Answered twenty-eight cards, besides giving in scattering cases.

13. (Thursday.) Answered *nineteen* cards. To all, of either sex, whose hearts sympathize with the afflicted, I would say—examine each case presented for help, that you may not misapply your alms.

15. (Saturday.) Assisted in *eighteen* cases. This day ended the mortal life of Hon. William Appleton. His character was well known throughout this community, as a model in works of benev-

olence. The spirit of our divine Master dwelt *richly* in *him*, whose daily walk was in full harmony with the precepts and example of our blessed Lord. The gates of Zion were nearer his heart than all the dwellings of Jacob. The widow and the fatherless could bear testimony to the *practical* piety of one who consecrated his all to deeds of Gospel Charity. *Forty* years, or more, I had opportunity to understand his worth, as a dispenser of good, in all known cases of suffering and want. See 1 Timothy vi. 17–19.

"Weep not for him whose mortal span
Completes its perfect round,
His gifts well used, his length of days
With hallowed lustre crowned.
No tears for him — he gains the bliss
Of more exalted spheres than this.

"No tears save what the heart of love
For its own loss must weep;
But yield her flame to history's hand,
For unborn time to keep:
Lift high the page, that earth shall see
What *Heaven* can give, and *man* may be."

L. H. Sigourney.

21. (Friday.) Visited in Dover Street a woman with six children. Husband sick in a foreign

hospital. This case had my best sympathies, and was assisted freely.

23. (Sunday.) Preached at Penitent Females' Refuge—Daniel iii. 16-18.

March 5. (Wednesday.) Visited Eliot, Utica, Kneeland, South, Lincoln and East Streets. Have answered forty cards this day, giving in each case thirty cents in groceries, and in some cases adding a little money.

30. (Sunday.) Preached at Penitent Females' Refuge—Daniel iv. 37.

31. (Monday.) Attended the funeral of Miss Catharine Putnam, aged 84. The good lady, warm-hearted, rich in good works, gave her name and liberal aid to every benevolent object within her knowledge, from whatever quarter presented, denominational origin of no weight in the scale of her decisions.

May 5. (Monday.) Photograph taken, that I might present to each subscriber to my mission a copy, as a token of grateful remembrance of their kindness, whenever called upon for aid. I fondly hope these tokens will keep their missionary in mind years after his head shall have been laid low.

11. (Sunday.) Taken over to the Farm School in the Lyman boat. Never do I enjoy myself more than in visits to that, my *favorite* Institution, where *one hundred* boys are instructed. Its principal founders, John D. Williams and Theodore Lyman, gone years since to their long home, come up fresh to my memory on every visit, and excite within me fervent thanksgiving to Him who moved their kindred hearts to an enterprise over which the angels in heaven cannot but rejoice. Preached in the forenoon, from Job xiv. 5 and 7–10; in the afternoon, from Isaiah lv. 6–11.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk of our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

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